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1. Poetry, American

NBI







# ON WINGS OF FANCY

BY

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL KNOWLES

AUTHOR OF

*"The Belief and Worship of the Anglican Church," "The Church and  
the Greater Sacraments," "Balsam Boughs," etc.*

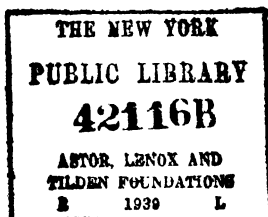
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ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL KNOWLES





DEDICATED TO

MY WIFE

---

A bit of verse to cheer the passing hour



WOR 19 FEB '36



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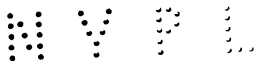
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# LOVE AND SENTIMENT.

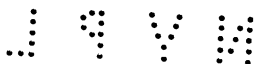


## HER BIRTHDAY.

I sing not to thy dark brown eyes—  
    (The stars are far less bright !)  
Two lovely eyes whose depths reveal  
    The soul's most holy light ;  
I sing not to thy soft fair cheeks  
    Where roses wage their war—  
The *white* to pale, like damask smooth,  
    The *red* to flush them o'er ;  
I sing not to thy lovely hair  
    That waves about thy face ;  
Nor to thy figure lithe and trim  
    With all its girlish grace ;  
No, all of these I must pass by—  
    Why should I try to tell  
Of charms 'twould take a thousand years  
    To merely on them dwell,



And then but fail in my attempt  
Thy beauty to portray?  
For as I look, I do but find  
*Some greater charm each day!*  
I sing though to the best of all,  
'Tis that sweet heart of thine,  
And break the Tenth Commandment,  
For I covet it for mine!  
And if I caught that little heart  
I'd break the Eighth Law too,  
For I'd keep it safely, sweetheart,  
As thieves their booty do!  
I would tie the little heartstrings  
To those that are in me,  
That no matter how it struggled  
Thy heart could not get free!  
But if I fail to take it,  
I'll have recourse to prayer,  
That it may yet be mine, love,  
Before this time next year!





VERSES WITH A BUNCH OF LILIES,  
ROSES AND FERNS.

*Lilies* are "ladders to Heaven" 'tis said :

I'll *climb* then, Love, to thee ;  
For thou, my dear, most truly art  
An earthly Heaven to me !

One needs a guide to help him climb,  
Lest he may go astray ;  
I'll take the *Rose*, for it means *love*,  
And love will show the way.

But even love, if not used fair,  
To wander off is found,  
I'll add the *Fern—sincerity*,  
To bind it round and round.

## **SWEETHEARTS.**

**ONE** may walk through the forests primeval,  
Where nature is wild and free ;  
One may gaze at the earth from the mountains  
Or stroll by the sounding sea ;  
There's a music within the tree-tops,  
So, too, in old ocean's breast.  
There's a pleasure too deep for expression,  
And a feeling of peace and rest,  
As away from the world one is buried  
'Mid the feathery ferns and moss,  
Where the absence of civilization  
Is a pleasure and never a loss.  
So, too, by the rock-bound seashore  
That keeps the ocean at bay,  
'Tis a joy that is lonely but pleasing  
To sit and dream out the day ;

But beyond all these joys and these pleasures  
There's one far excels the best :  
'Tis to be with the one who is dearest  
To the heart that dwells in the breast !  
With her whose voice shames the music  
That comes from the trees and sea ;  
With her whose cheeks are far fairer  
Than the ferns or the moss could be ;  
Then here's to that sweetheart we all have,  
To her who's all others above,  
To that sweetheart who lightens this world here,  
To that sweetheart whose name is Love!

## MY LOVE.

WHEN the moon is softly shining upon the sparkling sea,  
And the winds are sweetly sighing a lullaby to me,  
With many a wistful yearning,  
My heart is fondly turning,  
With love and rapture burning,  
To thee, love, to thee!

When softening strains of music do thrill me  
through and through,  
And soothe and calm my spirit as nothing else  
can do,  
Though joyful notes are swelling,  
Or grief and sorrow knelling,  
To me they're only telling  
Of thee, love, of thee!

## THE LOVER'S VALENTINE.

(ON THE SENDING OF A GIFT OF A FOX'S SKIN.)

ON the far rolling prairie, when the moon shineth  
bright,  
This little white fox would gambol at night;  
He was blithe, he was happy—what fox would not  
be  
On that beautiful prairie, in a life wild and free?

One day, as he roamed, he chanced to be caught  
And his captors they reckoned his little life naught;  
So this poor little fox, so blithesome and gay,  
Was killed and was mounted to reach you this  
day.

Though sad seems his fate, on thinking you'll see  
Though dead he was happier far, so to be;  
For now he lies here—Ah! Blessing so sweet!  
To form a soft rug for your Ladyship's feet!

Yes happier he than when he did roam  
On the billowy prairie, his playground, his home ;  
He now rests contented, so silent and still,  
To be but the slave of your Ladyship's will !

Though soft be his skin, so silky and bright,  
To your Ladyship's it is as darkness to light ;  
Yet this dear little fox not at this would repine,  
For he loves near such beauty as yours to recline.

So may the good Saint we think of this day  
Send down many blessings to brighten your way,  
Guard you ever from harm, cause you ever to be  
Delighted to rest on this little foxee !

## A RAILROAD MISTAKE.

A PRETTILY dressed young girl,  
A figure of beauty and grace,  
    Rich clustering hair,  
    Shining so fair,  
Like halo surmounting her face;  
A man seeing her in the car—  
A light, as it were, from above—  
    As he looks on this girl  
    With head in a whirl  
He falls in love!

Suddenly pauses the train.  
Arising, she turns her fair face;  
    With wondering eyes  
    She cries in surprise:  
“Why! How came *you* in this place?”  
Away went his sweet dream of love!  
No more its rapture he knows!  
    In that girl standing there  
    He sees in despair  
His *sister Rose*!

## LOVE'S WOOING.

At close of day, one flowery May,  
In a grove walked lovers two,  
"I've brought you here," he said, "my dear ——,"  
"Tu whit," quoth an owl, "tu whoo!"

He turned quite red, and then he said:  
"Please let me now tell you  
In this sweet spot, it is my lot ——"  
"Tu whit," said the owl, "tu whoo!"

"Oh! bird of fate," cried he in hate,  
"You spoil my speech, you do;  
I've now tried oft, with words quite soft ——"  
Again hoots the owl: "tu whoo!"

Alas! Poor man! What could he do  
When cried that owl: "Tu whit, tu whoo,"  
But just obey, *to wit: to woo*,  
And ask his love: "May I wed you?"



## HOME.

FAR from the busy world, the haunts of men,  
Where Nature's charms inviting bid me come,  
Upon a grassy knoll 'neath trees there stands,  
Embowered in flowering vines, my country home.

From some high perch within the window's seat  
I see outstretched a scene most wondrous fair:  
Great fields of grain, green trees and rolling hills,  
And woods with Autumn's colors glowing there.

Oft of a summer's eve, at close of day,  
When scarcely stirs the perfume-laden air,  
At ease I sit and dream the hours away,  
Breathing the fragrance of the flowers there.

Upon mine ear there falls, so sweet, so low,  
The busy insects' hum, the birds' blithe song,  
The gentle ripple of a brooklet near,  
Whose murmurs swell the music borne along.

So too in winter, in the twilight dim,  
When lengthening shadows fade into the gloom,  
Before the hearth I love to sit and watch  
The dancing flames light up the darkened room.

And there is one who's ever by my side,  
Whose spirit shineth through her soft brown eyes;  
Whose soft, sweet voice tells of a loving heart,  
Whose wish is ever for self-sacrifice.

Then what the glories of the world to me!  
The high ambitions of this earthly life!  
For greater blessings there could never be  
Than those of home, where dwells a loving wife!

## A VALENTINE.

Go, winged God, my valentine  
Upon her now attend  
And tell her that she far excels  
These roses that I send.

Tell her I'd labour day and night  
To gratify each thought,  
And think a word of thanks from her  
A joy too cheaply bought.

So when in slumber's arms she lies,  
From earthly care at rest,  
Then softly weave a charm around  
And make her dreams be blest.

But with a valentine 'tis said  
One's heart too always goes—  
Alas! I have not mine to send;  
Yet *where* it is *she* knows.

## THE LOVER'S PRAYER.

BLESSED Guardian Angel,  
Bending from on high,  
Guard my little loved one;  
Ever hover nigh;  
May it be thy pleasure  
To thy hours employ,  
Keeping her from sorrow  
Filling her with joy.

And when deep in slumber  
Here she lies so still,  
Guard from every peril;  
Keep from every ill;  
Round her couch sing sweetly,  
In tones soft and low;  
As the gentle zephyrs  
Round her softly blow.

If perchance she dreameth,  
Sleeping there the while,  
May her thoughts be happy,  
May her dear lips smile ;  
And when pleasing fancies  
Come so fresh, so free,  
May her chiefest pleasure  
Be to dream of me !

## LOVE'S SIGNS.

MANY long years ago,  
(So the tale goes,)  
Schwartzenberg's army came  
Where the Rhine flows;  
Awed by the lovely scene,  
So wondrous fair,  
Those mail-clad warriors stood  
*Silently* there!

So, sometimes lovers too  
See moments fly,  
As hand in hand they sit  
So silently;  
They have not power to  
Their bliss express,  
Love is o'ercome indeed  
With loveliness!

Ah! Love cares not for words  
That silent pair  
Sees in those beaming eyes  
The love hidden there.  
“*Mia carina*” they  
Seem but to say:  
“Surely to love ’s enough  
Day after day”!

## LOVE.

To love each other here,  
To love in Heaven above,  
Such is the bliss divine  
That crowns true love.

To bear each other's cares,  
To share the joys of this,  
Our path below and climb  
To future bliss.

Love, will you go with me  
Hand in hand through life?  
Letting love cheer the way  
Of earthly strife?

Loved one, the angels hold  
Up in the Heavens above  
For all true lovers here  
The Crown of Love!



## CANOEING.

SKIMMING o'er the harbor,  
Dancing o'er the sea,  
Flying o'er the waters bright,  
Merry as could be.  
Breezes round us rustled,  
Round our heads they play.  
Oh! It was delightful  
On a summer day!

How the sunlight sparkled,  
How the salt spray splashed,  
How the waters rippled  
As along we dashed!  
In and out the islands,  
All about the bay;  
Oh! It was delightful  
On a summer day!

In canoe reclining  
Was a maiden fair,  
Sweeter than the fragrance  
Of that perfumed air ;  
Perfumed by the pine trees  
Growing round the bay.  
Oh ! It was delightful  
On a summer day !

Gold brown hair a-waving,  
Gleaming in the sun,  
Soft black eyes that melted,  
Or flashed bright with fun ;  
Cheeks that glowed in color  
Like the rose in May.  
Oh ! It was delightful  
On a summer day !

She and I were flirting ;  
Both its sin did know !  
She trailed in the water  
Little hand of snow ;  
See those little circles  
Round her fingers play !  
Oh ! It was delightful  
On a summer day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Like canoe a-drifting  
So the years have flown,  
Those old loves of boyhood  
Rarely now are known.  
*She* is now a Mrs.  
(We were both in play),  
But we both enjoyed it  
That fair summer day !

## SOME STRINGS OF PEARLS.

SOME strings of pearls—  
Why other girls  
Have worn such jewels oft before;  
But all must see  
That none but she  
Could wear and grace a necklace more !  
  
I sit and gaze,  
In great amaze,  
That pearls such beauty should possess;  
Yet now I know  
Their charms but flow  
From *her*, whose throat they gently press !  
  
Rare strings of pearls,  
Sweet strings of pearls  
I've seen full many within my day,  
But none I vow,  
As these have now,  
Did help to steal my heart away !

## A FLIRTATION.

'Twas at a ball one winter,  
I met a maiden fair;  
She looked so very charming  
As we sat on the stair.

We laughed and chatted gayly,  
Of what we scarce did care;  
'Twas joy to see her smiling,  
Out there upon the stair.

I praised her eyes so lovely,  
Admired her gold-brown hair;  
Quoth she "You must not flatter,"  
(But she stayed there on the stair!)

Her hand held budding roses,  
Whose fragrance filled the air,  
I begged her to bestow one  
On me there on the stair.

"I'm sorry, but I cannot,  
My rose you must not wear;"  
'Twas thus the maid refused me,  
As we sat on the stair.

"Please tell me why I should not?"  
Asked I, then quite enraged.  
The coy maid, flushing, answered,  
"You know I am engaged."

That maiden now is married,  
But *I* her roses wear,—  
She took the self-same fellow,  
Who sat there on the stair!

## ROMANCE.

ONLY a rose, a wilted rose,  
A faded flower—that's all ;  
But it, I know, was one of those  
She gave me at a ball !

Out in the hall were we sitting  
In charming "tête-à-tête,"  
The happy hours were fitting,  
The time was growing late.

She saw her chaperone coming,  
She quickly rose to go,  
And then, bewitchingly smiling,  
Gave me this Jaqueminot.

So I see thee, little flower,  
But that fair form does lie  
'Neath the sod where flowers are blooming,  
Where the sad winds moan and sigh.

## DREAMLAND.

Poor crippled Jack !  
His little back  
And thin bent legs hurt so each day,  
He could not run  
Or have the fun  
That other boys enjoy in play.

Imagine then  
His great joy when  
They took him to the ocean's shore ;  
Where in his reach  
On shining beach  
He heard the mighty breakers roar !



His little hands  
Played in the sands,  
The while he watched the rising tide;  
He thought what bliss  
To lie like this  
Forever at the ocean's side.

Or rise and dip  
Like yon fair ship  
Whose snow-white sails looked like a bird,  
Far off to range  
'Mid countries strange,  
Known to him through stories heard.

'Neath sunny skies  
To feast his eyes  
Where flowers and vineyards always grow,  
Or sit and gaze  
In pleased amaze  
On mountains clad in ice and snow.

Dreaming the while,  
A happy smile  
O'er his pinched face did softly creep ;  
The ocean's roar  
And sunlit shore  
Had soothed his weary form to sleep !

Up crept the tide  
'Til at his side  
It almost touched his hand in play ;  
But loath the deep  
To break his sleep,  
So slowly backward ebb'd away.

## RELIGIOUS AND MORAL.



## A MORNING THOUGHT.

WHEN, at early morning,  
Glad we wend our way  
To Thy holy Altar,  
There to kneel and pray ;  
When in adoration,  
Low we bend the knee,  
Let our thoughts be centered  
Wholly, Lord, on Thee.

Full of great thanksgiving,  
Full of deepest joy,  
Awe and rapture blended,  
Bliss without alloy,  
Let us serve and please Thee,  
Help us others win,  
Turning to Thy Glory,  
From the paths of sin.

So, too, when we picture  
Thee upon the cross,  
May all joy or sorrow  
Seem not gain, nor loss ;  
May we then most truly  
Feel Thy wondrous love,  
While our *living actions*  
Best our worship prove.

## THE CHRIST CHILD.

COME listen, maids and matrons, come listen, gal-  
lants true,  
Unto this song of Christmas, which now I sing to  
you ;  
'Tis a theme that still enraptures as it did in days  
of old,  
Whene'er the story of the Babe of Bethlehem is  
told.

There were shepherds, humble shepherds, who  
watched their flocks by night,  
To whom a glorious angel came in mystic radiance  
bright,  
They hearkened to that angel's tale, then went  
with one accord  
Unto the town of Bethlehem, to worship Christ  
the Lord.

There too the Magi, three famed kings, who lived  
in lands afar,  
Came gladly from their distant realms, led by that  
wondrous star,  
And then these kings, on bended knee, their adoration gave  
To that sweet Babe of Bethlehem, who came this  
world to save.

The cattle too, they bowed them down and gazed  
with reverent awe,  
'Twould almost seem as if they knew a Holy Child  
they saw ;  
A radiance filled that humble cave, no longer  
dark or dim,  
For heavenly angels hovered round and ministered to Him.



Ah ! See the Blessed Virgin ; ah ! See Saint Joseph  
too,  
And kings and shepherds, even kine, as they all  
homage do  
Unto the Babe of Bethlehem ; for as they thus  
ador'd  
They knew the Holy Child to be their Saviour,  
Christ the Lord.

It was a wondrous spectacle for mortals to have  
seen,  
And one in simple majesty no equal has there  
been,  
For there all creatures worship gave unto a *little*  
*child*,  
Laid in a lowly manger, so innocent and mild.

This great day teaches patience, for 'tis said that  
weeks had fled  
Ere the Magi from those distant lands came to  
that manger-bed;  
We learn too, as we see all kneel with rapt, ador-  
ing face,  
That Christ cares not if rich or poor, of rank or  
humble place.

All, all are welcome at His feet, He claims them  
every one,  
And no distinctions will there be when earthly  
life is done;  
So on this gladsome Christmas this lesson may  
we see,  
As He was meek and humble so we must try to be.

Good cheer, fair maids and matrons, good cheer,  
you gallants true,  
Full many a happy Christmas Day I pray may  
come to you ;  
God's Highest Glory let us sing in loving praises  
when  
Once more we join the angels' song: "Peace, good-  
will towards men."

## OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.

OUTSIDE the snow has ceased to fall, though winds  
still whistle shrill,  
The ground lies hid beneath a cloak that seems so  
white and still ;  
The sun's warm rays stream brightly round to  
cheer the wintry way,  
And fairy elves are dancing there to welcome  
Christmas Day.

Within the house, upon the hearth, huge blazing  
logs are found,  
Whose ruddy glow lights up the room and sends  
its warmth around ;  
The holly boughs upon the walls are bright with  
berries red,  
And there too is the Christmas tree, with dazzling  
wonders spread.

Heap the wood upon the fire 'til the dancing  
flames do show  
The Christmas tree and holly in their cheerful  
ruddy glow.  
A guest all seem awaiting— Hark! A knock  
upon the door;  
Ah! 'tis Christmas, Father Christmas, whom we  
welcome here once more.

His bushy beard has whitened, but his heart is  
young and light,  
Though many, many years have passed since that  
first Christmas night,  
He comes to wish us happiness, to overflow our  
hearts  
With all the love, good-will and peace this blessed  
day imparts.

He stops at every dwelling, though some refuse to  
know  
That old Christmas there is knocking as he stands  
out in the snow ;  
But to hear him is to feel the joy that Christ our  
Lord is born,  
The same that both the Shepherds and the Wise  
Men felt that morn.

Come one and all, come rally round with cheerful  
happy face,  
Let jolly humor reign supreme within this festive  
place,  
Let's start the fun a-rolling, let's sing and dance  
and play,  
For naught but joy and happiness have place on  
Christmas Day.

But before we keep our houses, where rich  
presents may be found,  
And before the Christmas dinner, when the laugh  
and jest go round,  
In church we offer praises to God the heavenly  
King,  
And swell the song of triumph which the blessed  
angels sing.

## LENTEN WORK.

In this Lenten season  
Let us work for man,  
Never growing weary  
Doing all we can ;  
Like the blest Apostles  
Spread the Gospel wide,  
Drawing all men nearer  
To the Saviour's side.

Both the bad and careless  
Let us try and win,  
Turning to God's glory  
From the paths of sin ;  
Let us labor gladly  
For our Blessèd Lord,  
Turning home repentant  
Sinners to His Word.



Toil and sorrow wait us,  
Cares may weigh us down,  
Bitter disappointment  
May our efforts crown ;  
But with Jesus with us  
We should gladly go,  
Taking all our trials  
As our cross below.

In this Lenten season  
Let us work for man,  
Never growing weary  
Doing all we can ;  
So when life is ebbing  
Hear those words so blest :  
" Well done, Oh my servant !  
Come to Me and rest."

## A GOOD-FRIDAY MEDITATION.

BESIDE the upraised Cross I kneel,  
'Mid shadows long and dim,  
While worldly thoughts all flee away  
Whene'er I look on Him.

It seems to me no years have fled  
Since Christ for us hath died;  
I seem to kneel on Calvary,  
Where He was crucified.

Nailed on the Cross that stands on high  
Christ's sacred form I see,  
That Blessèd Lord who died for us,  
To save both you and me.

That thorn-crowned Head rests wearily  
Upon His blood-stained breast;  
His arms extend upon the Cross  
As if the crowd He blest.

And as I see Him hanging there,  
In agony most dread,  
I seem to see the crown of thorns  
Press hard upon His head.

What agony was His to bear  
In Hands, and Feet, and Side,  
From out which wounds from nail and spear  
Falls down the crimson tide.

I look and see that cruel mob  
In anger surging round ;  
It mocks and laughs and scoffs at Him  
In Whom no sin is found.

And as the mob gaze on our Lord,  
Who died to save us all,  
From hands and feet and piercèd side  
The Blood-drops softly fall.

The hours roll on, He still hangs there,  
Yet ne'er complaint doth give ;  
E'en that mad mob which crucified  
He prays God to forgive.

Thick darkness comes; it hides the crowd,  
Yet to mine eyes a light  
Seems shining round that holy Form  
In dazzling radiance bright.

And as I look that blood-stained Face  
Has naught but love to show ;  
E'en in that hour of bitter pain  
He prays for those below !

Ah! Saviour dear, those outstretched Hands  
Seem calling all to Thee,  
I almost hear Thy pleading Voice:  
"My child, come unto Me!"

Can we such wondrous love behold  
And vainly let Thee plead?  
Ah! No! Dear Saviour, make us Thine  
In thought and word and deed!

Help us to tread the path of life  
With Thee, Lord, as our guide,  
To live for others, not for self;  
Let *self* be crucified!

We'll fail, perhaps; yes, often fail;  
But let the aim be right,  
And we'll not go so far astray  
With Thy dear Cross in sight.

So may we consecrate our lives  
To Thee and so be blest,  
That when this earthly life is o'er  
We'll win Eternal Rest.

The hours roll on, the end has come,  
The crowds now homeward flee;  
Yet gathering darkness cannot hide  
That Cross on Calvary.

And through the ages down it shines—  
'Tis just as plain to-day;  
For in Christ's loyal servants' hearts  
That Cross will ever stay.

For round that Blessèd Master  
There shines a radiance bright,  
To prove what we in Creed profess—  
That He is Light of Light.

## A HYMN FOR EASTER.

THE penitential season  
Has quickly been and past,  
And Easter joy and gladness  
Succeed the Lenten fast ;  
Then to us, Lord, this Easter  
Bring each a risen life,  
That we may rise triumphant  
O'er worldly sin and strife.

Dear Lord! when we are dying  
Hold Thou Thy Cross on high,  
And let us hear the music  
Of angels hovering nigh,  
And may Thy Blessèd Sacrament  
Our souls its peace send in,  
Assuring of forgiveness  
Of each and every sin.

Dear Jesus ! Grant Thy suppliant  
Children then may stand  
In Thy Most Holy Presence  
In that most blessed land ;  
And may this Easter fit us  
To live for evermore  
With Thee, our Lord and Saviour,  
We worship and adore.



## A WISH.

**MAY** we, dear Saviour, breathe this prayer  
    Whene'er Thy Cross we see :  
**May** all our sins of every kind  
    Be crucified with Thee !

**May** we from morn to even try  
    Like Thy dear Self to be,  
**And** live for others, not ourselves,  
    In love and charity.

## IN CHURCH.

THE chimes are sweetly sounding ;  
    Their music fills the air,  
Calling every Christian  
    To the Church, to prayer.

Through the stained-glass windows  
    The sun streams warm and bright,  
Casting on the tiled floor  
    Rays of colored light.

On the carved high altar  
    Many a candle gleams,  
Lighting up the sculptured stone  
    With dim and flickering beams.

Hark ! The organ's pealing ;  
Open now the door ;  
In come vested choristers  
With the cross before.

Softly sounds the organ,  
Full the voices flow,  
High the fine old strains arise  
As up the aisle they go.

Then the solemn service,  
Full of praise and prayer,  
Sacrifice and Sacrament  
As all worship there.

After Benediction  
Down the aisle they go,  
Raising up once more to God  
Hymn of praise below.

## A PLEA FOR THE POOR IN SUMMER.

Down at the shore is the rolling sea sparkling,  
Gleaming like gold is the fast-shifting sand,  
Fragrant and sweet blow the mild summer breezes,  
Whispering lullabies to the hot land.

Off in the distance the mountains are casting  
Shadows that play in the sun's golden light;  
Forest trees rustle and green fields and flowers  
Vie with each other to charm and delight.

On some tortuous river, whose waters are sweetly  
Rippling o'er pebbles that flash in the sun,  
A sailboat is slowly and dreamily moving  
In the soft, balmy air of the morn just begun.

Happy are they these pleasures enjoying  
On hot summer days in luxurious ease,  
With God's lovely works above and about them,  
Dreaming fair visions that brighten and please.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rank are the gutters and foul are the alleys;  
Stifling the homes where the poor must stay,  
No fragrance of sea or mountain or country  
Falls to their lot by night or by day.

Ah! Purer and richer than earth's choicest glories  
The heart of her or of him who does give  
The chance or the money to gain a brief "outing"  
To the wretched ones doomed in the city to live.

## THE NEW CRUSADE.

RICH and poor, high and low,  
Brothers and sisters we,  
"In with a cry, out with a sob,"  
Life in Eternity."

The knights of old with cross on breast  
In pagan lands did fight,  
They gloried in their sacred cause—  
Christ's kingdom, Church, and right.  
O'er sandy desert and arid plain  
Their weary way they took,  
And when with lance they charged the foe,  
The ground it fairly shook.

Years after that to heathen climes  
Brave souls did gladly go,  
To teach their savage brother man  
God's love for them below ; [worked,  
With Christ their guide they preached and  
Their lives sometimes the loss,  
But in their deaths like light shone out  
The triumph of the Cross.

Crusades and knightly deeds are past,  
Romantic days have fled,  
Yet for our hands a field more vast  
Right in our midst is spread ;  
For near us, almost at our side,  
Live those in courts that breed  
Those discontents and crimes which hide  
Where there's no Church or Creed.

For there are those in countless scores,  
Some poor, some bad, some weak,  
Whom we could cheer and help and raise,  
If we would work and speak !  
And we behold their wretched lot  
And never try to aid !  
Ah ! Is it that our hearts are hard ?  
Or of the world afraid ?

Come ! Let us now the Church show forth.  
Come ! Nerve the listless arm,  
And dare the worldling's mocking laugh—  
It cannot do us harm !  
Speak for the *right* and bravely speak,  
And our real manhood prove ;  
And let us work with poor and bad  
To show the Cross we love.

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Rich and poor, high and low,  
Brothers and sisters we,  
"In with a cry, out with a sob,"  
Life in Eternity."



## A THOUGHT.

HAST thou thought or art thou thinking  
Of that last day drawing near?

If so, is there hope expectant,  
Or is there but deadly fear?

Mortal man, thou surely knowest,  
As thy life is good or bad—  
So thy sin will make thee fearful,  
So thy goodness make thee glad!

Not that one can e'er be worthy,  
Not that fear will ne'er intrude,  
But the hope of life Eternal  
Conquers fear in one who's good.

## PATIENCE WITH OTHER'S FAULTS.

FULL many a stone, begrimed and rough,  
Whose jagged sides are sharp enough  
To hurt with many a wound and cut,  
    Ofttimes hid from sight;  
Will 'neath the skillful workman's touch,  
If he be one who loves it much,  
Lose every roughness, every edge, and  
    Shine as jewel bright.  
The force remains, but 'neath those hands,  
For strength and safety now it stands.

So in this life with those we love,  
Friends, comrades, whosoe'er they be,  
Patient to faults if we but work,  
Some day like polished stones we see  
Those through our love so perfect are,  
They now excel their teachers far.

## HOPE.

WHEN shadows lengthen o'er our path of life,  
And troubles come with which we scarce can  
cope,  
Through lowering clouds there shines a gleam of  
light,  
A sunbeam to our soul, that ray called Hope.

Unto the troubled heart new strength it brings,  
It e'en can brighten up the day of death,  
For as it cheers us here, it bids us look  
To God for comfort at our parting breath.

For be it faith in man or trust in God,  
'Tis hope inspiring that ennobles strife,  
It helps the weary pilgrim, tells him not  
To faint or falter in the way of life.

## A CONTRAST.

AMID a dazzling blaze of light,  
All wealth and fashion stand arrayed,  
Where fragrant plants and roses bright,  
On every side are seen displayed.

Around are stones, and jewels rare,  
And brilliant gowns of silk and lace,  
And lovely girls, and handsome men,  
And matrons too of stately grace.

The dreamy waltz is softly heard  
From 'mid the palm-trees near the door,  
And dancing feet keep perfect time  
Upon the smooth and polished floor.

The merry laugh, the jolly talk,  
Are that night heard from one and all,  
For none but happy smiles and looks  
Do people wear, when at a ball!

Outside, upon the lonely street,  
Where sleet and snow are falling fast,  
The passers-by are bent before  
The chill and piercing wintry blast.

Flickering lamps are dimly seen,  
Whose poor, thin, feeble rays of light  
But seem to make more gloomy still  
The darkness of the dreary night.

Along the way, poor friendless souls  
In wretched rags go shivering by,  
And numb with cold, with hunger faint,  
To face the storm they bravely try.

Perhaps some tired, homeless child  
Curls in a door his weary form,  
And almost frozen, falls to sleep,  
But partly sheltered from the storm.

An outcast girl, wrapped in a shawl,  
Who, urged by poverty, went astray,  
With sad, yet bold and hardened look,  
In shame and misery wends her way.

She pauses at the awning's side  
That leads up to the ball-room door,  
And as the happy forms trip in,  
Her face grows harder than before.

And as she watches, from her post,  
Bitterly turning from the sight,  
She wonders why some are so poor,  
And others rich, and gay and bright.

A woman, wan and bent with age,  
Walks on amid the blinding snow,  
To reach some empty, cheerless room,  
The only home that she does know.

And there, a brutal husband waits,  
Who drunk, pours curses on her head,  
And starving children crouching there,  
Now running to her, cry for bread.

And some are working late that night,  
Though faint and ill, and nearly dead,  
For they must work, with scarce a rest,  
To win their hard-earned daily bread.

Oh ! we born to a happier lot,  
Should we not aid the starving poor,  
And strive to help the fallen ones  
Who daily pass before our door ?

Oh ! may our hearts be filled with love  
To pity our poor fellow-man,  
And hand-in-hand, with *charity*  
Let us do good whene'er we can.



## AN AIM IN LIFE.

To have an aim we all should try,  
And not let precious hours flit by;  
For time to men is simply given  
To help them fit themselves for heaven.  
And let that aim be what it may,  
But try to reach it day by day,  
Having a high ideal of right,  
A beacon fire within our sight.  
E'er try to shed some sunshine round,  
To brighten those with whom we're found;  
Some act of kindness do each day  
To smooth some other's thorny way;  
Some little help to those in need,  
Some kindly word, or smile, or deed:  
Something we'd gladly like to say  
We'd done—at that LAST JUDGMENT DAY!

And if we fail and fall, what then ?  
Let's quit ourselves at least like men,  
And try in joy or woe or strife  
To win that crown of Eternal Life.  
So that our crosses large or small,  
Prepare us for that best of all—  
The *best of all*, for what more blest  
Than winning at last Eternal Rest ?

# NATURE AND FANCY.



## THE AFTER-GLOW.

LOWER and lower sinks the sun  
The day is about to die,  
While roseate gleams of sunset  
Illumine the western sky.

Fainter and fainter grows the day  
As sinks the sun from sight,  
The silvery moon arising  
Reigns with her softer light.

So life has its glow and sunshine,  
Which too must pass away,  
But unlike the fading sunset  
It looks to a last great day.

For it hopes for the day eternal  
When in those mansions blest,  
The glorious light of heaven  
Shines on the soul at rest.

## STORM AND SUNSHINE.

I HEAR the sighing of the trees,  
I hear the moaning deep,  
I SEE the swells of ocean rise  
And slowly landward creep.

The rushing winds are rising too,  
The clouds in masses form,  
And birds seem flying home to 'scape  
The coming of the storm.

Then thunders crash and lightnings flash,  
And rain in torrents pours,  
The ocean too in fierce rage  
Beats 'gainst the rock-bound shores.

\* \* \* \* \*

I see the shining of the sun,  
The sky from clouds is free,  
And soft, sweet music charms my ear,  
The murmur of the sea.

Upon her placid bosom float  
Where now is calm and rest,  
White ships, whose sails hang idly down,  
Adrift upon her breast.

The zephyrs gently fan my cheek,  
On land the leaves scarce move,  
The elements all seem to sleep,  
And all breathes peace and love.

## THE SONG OF THE SHELL.

(A FANCY.)

Did you ever hear tell  
Of that old sea-shell  
That has hung on my wall for years ;  
With its tale of woe  
Of the long ago  
That it spoke to my listening ears ?

I found it one day,  
Far, far away,  
On the sands of a distant place ;  
The song of the sea  
Seemed sweet to me  
As I held it to my face.



Then I heard the wail  
Of the rising gale  
As the sea rushed towards the land ;  
Then the murmuring deep  
When its waters creep  
O'er the golden gleaming sand.

Then, like the knell  
Of a funeral bell,  
I heard 'mid the ocean's roar  
The bitter cries  
Of one who dies  
By the lonely, lonely shore.

'Neath the sun's warm light  
Two lovers bright  
Forgot the rising tide ;  
'Til the cruel sea,  
Now wild and free,  
Had closed the open side.

On the narrow beach,  
Beyond the reach  
Of helping hands to save ;  
To heaven one look,  
Their parting took,  
And met their ocean grave.

So the billows groan  
The winds they moan,  
And echoes seem to go  
Through this old sea-shell  
That I know so well,  
With its tale of grief and woe.

## THE BELL-BUOY.

MOURNFULLY rings the bell,  
Rocked by the ocean swell,  
Seeming to sound the knell  
    Of passing souls;  
Ding, dong, the deep notes go  
As it sways to and fro,  
Sounding so full of woe  
    As it sadly tolls.

Is it to warn from there  
The unwary mariner,  
Telling him to beware  
    Those cruel rocks?  
Or is it some demon fell,  
Enticing with the bell  
To wreck ships 'midst the swell  
    While them it mocks?

Perhaps 'tis some spirit pent  
In that rough tenement,  
'Prisoned for punishment,  
    As in a cell ;  
And ringing voices her woe,  
As high the waters flow,  
And stormy winds do blow  
    Around the bell.

When calm reigns on the deep,  
It murmurs as in sleep,  
(As slowly the ripples creep)  
    Softly singing.  
But when the billows roar,  
And waves dash on the shore,  
Loud tolls the bell once more  
    Its dismal ringing.

Then sadly does it moan,  
A muffled gurgling groan,  
Like a spirit sad and lone  
    'Midst the deep ;  
What grief it seems to tell,  
That never ceasing knell,  
As the being 'neath the spell,  
    Seems to weep !

Ding, dong, to and fro,  
Mournfully the bell does go,  
Sometimes loud, sometimes low,  
    Sadly wailing.  
Ding, dong, falls on the ear,  
That dread tolling full of fear,  
Warning from the dangers here,  
    Vessels sailing.

## A SUMMER NIGHT.

AND now 'tis night, and what a lovely night !  
Below, the earth is hushed in silent rest,  
While, far above, the stars are twinkling bright,  
And the moon, ascending in the east,  
Like some fair spirit, shining o'er the trees,  
Sheds o'er all nature her bright silver beams,  
And plain and forest, rivers, land and seas,  
Seem to reflect the light that o'er them streams.

All nature's still, and perfect silence reigns,  
Save when the cricket's chirp falls on the ear,  
Or katydids, in low and mournful strains,  
And insects hum—a soothing sound to hear.  
The gentle wind, as through the trees it sighs,  
Murmurs softly, and the leafy branches sway,  
The foliage rustles as if breathing  
A lullaby until the dawn of day.

## AN AUTUMN THOUGHT.

SOFTLY the dead leaves fall,  
Softly, one by one;  
Leafless and bare the tree  
When summer's done.

So fall the friends of man  
As years roll past,  
Leaving him drear and sad,  
Alone at last.

Shrill blows the wind and cold  
Round the bare tree,  
'Til trunk and branches bowed  
On ground we see.

So howls the storm of life,  
O'er man it goes,  
'Til he, too, falls and lies  
Where no man knows.

But to the good 'tis joy,  
For sorrows cease,  
They in Christ's Presence win  
Eternal Peace.



## GLIMPSES OF MOUNT DESERT.

DEAR Mount Desert, thou favored land  
So lovely, peaceful, yet so grand,  
With mountains, valleys, lakes and sea,  
A fairy isle thou seemst to be ;  
To think of thee when far away  
Recalls full many a happy day  
Passed 'mid nature's varied charms  
That lie enfolded in thy arms ;  
The charming walks, the bracing rides ;  
The sails around thy rocky sides ;  
The paddling o'er the water bright ;  
The jolly moonlight trips by night !  
And now in thought we gladly stray  
Once more to visit Frenchman's Bay.—

I.

CANOEING.

Slowly, dreamily drifting along  
In birch canoe, swift and strong,  
Buoyantly o'er the waves we glide,  
Hearing them ripple against the side,  
Murmuring softly, as in glee,  
Glad to roll on so fresh and free ;  
They flash like silver, clear and bright,  
And sparkle 'neath the sun's warm light.  
And cooling breezes round us play  
Which whisper in a friendly way.  
Off in the distance ships may be  
That look like birds upon the sea,  
Skimming along 'neath bulging sails,  
Forgetful of the summer gales ;  
Canoes are passing here and there,  
Each one holding some happy pair,  
While boats and yachts flash swiftly by  
With many a laughing word "good-bye"—

Along the coast the breakers roar  
And beat against the rock-bound shore,  
As if they wished to wash away  
This fairy isle from Frenchman's Bay.  
Worn away by the lapse of years  
In caves and clefts the cliff appears.  
Hundreds of feet it rises up,  
Clad with a growth of trees on top.  
Rounded boulder, or jutting ledge  
Stands straight up from the water's edge,  
And stretches where a strip of land  
Here forms a beach of shining sand.—  
Tired paddling, we go ashore  
On a tiny island, to explore.  
Slowly climbing the rocky mass,  
We reach the trees, and verdant grass,  
And stroll amid the fragrant pines,  
Through which the warm sun faintly shines,  
And finding a seat of mossy turf  
We sit and watch the angry surf,  
And think, and talk where none are by,  
While hours and minutes seem to fly,

And watch each other, and think what bliss,  
Always to pass the time like this,  
Hating to think the time must come  
When we must leave and steer for home.

## II.

### GREEN MOUNTAIN.

High Mountains in the midst are seen,  
Partly dressed with pine-trees green,  
And Green stands up above the rest  
And rears on high its gray-black crest.  
Up its side some day we go,  
And see the world, way far below.  
The lakes like silver dots appear,  
And cliffs that seemed so high when near,  
Now look quite round, and flat and low,  
While houses there seem still more so,  
And trees and men now seem so small,  
We almost think them pigmies all.

Low hills and valleys meet our gaze,  
By distance wrapt in purplish haze;  
And winding roads and streams below,  
And islands where the flowers grow,  
While round them flowing fresh and free  
Stretches the deep and dark blue sea,  
It's white-caps seen on every side,  
Caused by the slowly rising tide.

### III.

#### WITCH'S HOLLOW POND.

To Witch's Hollow, on a day  
When clouds are piling in banks of gray,  
Through dense pine woods our way we take  
And reach the edge of this weird lake,  
That lies shut in by forests green,  
Where not a house or soul is seen,  
Save an old and ruinous shed  
From which all life seems to have fled.

The silence seems the calm of death,  
We fear to speak above our breath ;  
Not a rustle, nor sound is heard,  
Nor chirp of insect, nor song of bird ;  
The lake itself looks still and rank,  
And stagnant scum clings to the bank.  
So hushed the scene, so drear and fell  
It seems as if beneath a spell,  
And 'midst a scene so calm and dead,  
We cannot help a sense of dread,  
And gladly leave, to stroll once more  
Along the sunny, rock-bound shore.

#### IV.

##### EAGLE LAKE.

Some morning, when the air is chill,  
We start to walk o'er dale and hill ;  
And first we wander through a glen  
And on and on we walk, and then

We reach the shores of Eagle Lake,  
And round its sides our way we take ;  
Treading the pointed rocks with care,  
We reach the farther end, and there  
The path leads through some woody glade,  
Where pine-trees form a pleasant shade.  
As on we walk, more dense it grows  
Until but faint the sunlight glows.  
Wild flowers are blooming all around,  
And trailing ferns along the ground ;  
Here goldenrod is also seen,  
And dark rich mosses, soft and green ;  
Gray rocks and boulders block the path,  
And trees o'erturned by winter's wrath.  
A rippling sound falls on the ear,  
Where flows a brooklet, cool and clear.  
And over pebbles, it rolls along,  
Murmuring softly its little song.—  
We reach an opening at last,  
And when the fragrant woods are past,  
We come upon some peaceful pond,  
With purplish mountains far beyond.

Climbing around the stony shore,  
We finally reach the road once more.

V.

OTTER CLIFF.

After tramping a mile or so  
We come to where the path does go,  
Abruptly to the rocky ledge,  
That rises from the water's edge.  
Steeper and steeper rocks are past,  
'Til Otter Cliff is reached at last.  
This is a giant mass of rock,  
Hewn by many a stormy shock  
Into strange, fantastic shapes,  
And long, low ledges forming capes.  
Hundreds of feet on high it stands  
As if to guard these fairy lands.  
The seasons pass, the years roll by,  
But still it rears its crest on high.  
Romances hover round this place,  
And hard it would be to efface



The thoughts of hours that there have flown,  
'Mid those sweet dreams that all have known :—  
Picture two lovers side by side,  
Watching the slowly rising tide,  
Feeling the realness of their love,  
The sea around, the sky above,  
Unseen by passing, prying eyes,  
That look, and see, and criticise ! —  
How sweet the maiden looked that day,  
Dressed in a most becoming way !  
A dainty gown of navy blue,  
A long broad sash of some light hue,  
A large straw hat—(round which is tied  
Some snowy muslin, soft and wide),  
Lies in her lap, as if she seeks  
The sun's warm kisses on her cheeks.  
The wind plays with her rich brown hair,  
Tossing it round her face so fair.  
A dreamy look is on her face,  
A sweet content he thinks to trace,  
As sitting there, from care so free,  
The lovers watch the deep blue sea,

Which now, bathed in the sun's warm light,  
Shines and sparkles like jewels bright.  
At regular intervals they hear  
The moaning bell in the buoy near;  
Rocked by the swell, it slowly tolls  
As if to warn the passing souls,  
And tells of rocks and dangers there  
That threaten the sailing mariner;  
And saddening thoughts upon them creep  
To hear this knell, so sad, so deep.  
They think that earth is one vast land  
Where joy and sorrow go hand in hand,  
That oft when reached the height of bliss  
Beneath may yawn the precipice.  
So, too, when joy thrills every vein  
One feels the numbing sense of pain,  
As if some darkening shadow peeps  
To tell of some approaching griefs.

## VI.

### ALONG THE CLIFFS.

Warned at last by the setting sun  
That the summer day is almost done,  
We quickly hasten on our way,  
Skirting the shore of Frenchman's Bay,  
Or 'neath the pines that thickly grow  
To shade the road that winds below.  
Then soon we reach old "Thunder Cave,"  
(The sound like thunder it's title gave,  
Far into it the waters pour  
With deep, low, muttering roar)——  
And onward past the "Spouting Horn,"  
Where in the rock the sea has worn  
A hole through which the waters gush,  
Forced upward by the ocean's rush,  
And when the storms are raging there  
It spouts far up into the air.  
And miles with gladsome feet we tread,  
And hardly know how hours have fled,

"Til "Ogden's Point" and "Great Head" past  
We see Bar Harbor town at last,  
And as the hill we now descend  
We know our walk is at an end.

## VII.

### "GOOD-BYE."

How sad it is, to know at last  
The summer time has come and past,  
Where hours and days have simply flown  
Perhaps the happiest one has known ;  
Paddling, sailing, romantic walks,  
The jolly hops, the pleasant talks ;  
The long and lovely Somesville ride  
And all the good things there supplied ;  
The bracing journey home at night,  
When the August moon was shining bright.  
How happily we rode and sang  
To the banjo's merry little twang !  
And now, alas, it really seems  
As if those pleasures were but dreams,

For on the steamer's deck we stand  
To bid farewell to this fair land.  
And soon the town fades from the sight,  
And massive rocks rise on our right.  
As close inshore the vessel steers,  
Still grander yet the scene appears,  
And bays and towns and islands past  
The open sea is reached at last.  
Then the soft moon, arising bright  
Sheds all around her silver light.  
One feels the vessel rise and fall ;  
The calm of night reigns over all ;  
Then ocean breezes fan the cheek  
And in our ear they gently speak,  
" Good-bye, Good-bye," they seem to say,  
" To the dear old isle in Frenchman's Bay."











